

THE COALVILLE TIMES.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SUMMIT COUNTY.

FREE COINAGE OF SILVER, 16 TO 1

VOL IV

COALVILLE, SUMMIT COUNTY, UTAH, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1897

NO. 37

THE COUNTY NEWS

GATHERED BY OUR ALERT CORRESPONDENTS.

The Events of the Week From Nearly Every Town in Summit County—What "The Times" Representatives Have Found to Write About.

FROM.

From Utah, Oct. 20, 1897.

EDITOR TIMES:

The late rain and snow storms played havoc with the roads.

Duncan and Lydia Marshall went to Salt Lake last week to attend school.

Miss Williams of Coalville now has charge of the primary department of our district school.

Soloist Karsen and John K. Lottum of North Kansas were in town the first of the week on legal business.

Senator Hamden's Colored Troops played here last week and gave good satisfaction.

J. H. Salmon of Coalville was awarded the contract to put in the foundation for the new Ward house here; the gentleman commenced the work the first of the week.

When I get in the right humor I shall have something to say about the useless and expensive exchange of school books ordered by a convention of—well, let us see that none of them ever get there again.

The exchange of school books has been going on this week and our citizens have been doing more kicking than a Tennessee mule could or dare do.

The pleasant days and cool nights we are now having after so much stormy weather, for the past three weeks, makes life worth living and healthful, without much to the delight of all.

George Milliner and a number of others leave here for Wyoming today. They will visit friends out that way and do some hunting and fishing while absent. The party will be gone about ten days and expect to have a jolly time.

A young lady visited one of our stores last week and inquired if they had any slugs. No. 18. She was informed that No. 21 was the smallest they had; she thought they would be too small and concluded to take No. 22, to the amusement of the clerk and others.

Our district school is in a flourishing condition; the principal, Miss Laura Lyman, is a great favorite of the pupils and has their love and respect, which goes a long way towards a successful school. The young lady is very capable and is found to give the best of satisfaction. There are now seventy pupils enrolled, which is a large number at so early a time in the season.

R. H. E. VAN.

OAKLEY.

OAKLEY, UTAH, OCT. 20, 1897.

EDITOR TIMES:

George (if I don't) has the typhoid fever and is very low at this writing.

A dance will be given by the New Brothers on Friday night at the Oakley Hall.

Mrs. Gibbons of Rockport came up yesterday to move her son George down to her place that he would be near the Doctor.

Dr. Hamner at Coalville passed through on his way to see George Gibbons and Mr. and Mrs. Milliner, who are so unfortunate at present.

This weather for the first time in about four weeks. May it continue for all time to come in the wish of the laboring people of this place.

John Milliner and wife of Poca are with her mother, Mrs. Carle Wright. Mr. and Mrs. Milliner are

with the typhoid fever. It is reported that other members of the family are getting a little better.

J. M. setting a record for his family. It is reported that he would set Oakley out before he

Farmers, beware!

When all of the

Busters are Busted

and you have added your little Fives, and Tens, and Fifteens, and Twenties, and Twenty-fives and Fifties, and Seventies and Hundreds to the already long list of outlawed and uncollectable debts, remember that the

Crystal Creamery

will be here to pay for your butter fat.

CRYSTAL CREAMERY CO., A. A. MILLS, Manager.

MISSIONARY LETTER.

Bass, Schweiz, Oct. 1, 1897.

KORON TOWN.

A little more than a year has elapsed since I last wrote you, and during that time have passed through many experiences, and through observation and study have become somewhat acquainted with the characteristics, laws and government of the people in these foreign parts. I traveled in Munich, Bavaria, from the first of June, 1896, until the 15th of March, 1897. Munich is a large city containing nearly one-half a million inhabitants, and for art, in music, for painting, monument buildings, and celebrated museums is very much renowned. It is the home of Prince Regent, and many thousands of soldiers who receive a very regular training. It is compulsory that every young man at the age of twenty years enter the army and remain two years. Different soldiers can always be seen on the streets and in dances, theatres, etc. Military costumes are very popular.

The people are pleasure seekers indeed, and all drink beer, even to children. In 1895, the Munich beer was world renowned. One can pass through the streets of Munich in the summer time, especially on a Sunday evening, see the gardens filled with people, and hear the bands playing, would think brandy and beer drinking were very popular indeed.

The people are divided in classes from aristocrats to the very poor and ignorant. The laws in many instances are very severe and rigorous, and many of the poorer class have a very hard time to live. Men work from 10 to 12 hours per day for 25 to 30 cents, and it is a common thing to see women carrying babies and strollers, working with the grubbing hoe or cutting hay with the scythe, with thousands live in misery. Bavaria people are mostly Catholic. The children are taught religion in school and they learn long lines of prayers which are repeated over and over again in their worship.

The Mormons have no religious liberty there, but in a quiet way are working to accomplish much good. There is a church of about sixty members, and during my short stay I had the pleasure of baptizing seven persons.

The Sunday after I left the elders were arrested, had I remained I would have been banished, as it would have been my second arrest.

On the 15th of March I was called to Bern, Switzerland, to act as secretary of the mission. Here we have liberty and can preach and hold meetings without any disturbance from police authorities. There are many different religions here, but everywhere can be found thousands who care nothing for religion, and it is very hard to change the people in their many false ideas about the Mormons.

A few weeks ago arrangements had been made for a meeting in Preter, a village about two hours' train ride from Bern. We left home about 9 o'clock, a. m., and went to Biel, where we were met by about twenty elders and Saints. We then had to go to the top of a mountain on foot. This took about one hour. The scenery was beautiful; when we arrived at the top a grand snow spread before us. Just below us could be seen the celebrated Lake Biel, in the center of the same is a large island covered with pine trees. Many boats

could be seen floating across the lake, and the weather lent its charm to the scene. The farms reach from the valleys to the tops of the mountains, surrounded by pine forests, vegetables, fruit and cereals growing abundantly. One could only pronounce it a second Eden.

We soon found ourselves in the village of Preter and were conducted to the house of a lady, schoolteacher who is a member of the Church. It had been publicly announced that the Mormons would hold a meeting in the forest that day, which was only about fifteen minutes' walk from the village and at 2 o'clock meeting began. We sang our praises and our congregation being about half German and half French, we had to use both languages.

Just as the second speaker began, a heavy hail started to play on twenty yards from us. The pines being so thick it was an easy matter for them to come so close without us knowing it. We stopped a few minutes and invited them to meeting, but they said they wanted to practice and intended to do so. We continued our meeting and spoke loud and we could preach longer than they could play. Occasionally they would shout "Mormons! Mormons!" etc. We had a congregation of about 150 people and they became disgusted with the hail and their actions, accepted our tracts and invited us to come again. We heard after meeting that the minister hired the hail to break up our meeting. But the work in these lands is growing and there have been over 200 baptisms in the mission this year. There are about 75 elders and they are schooling the different branches in the principles of the gospel. I could tell you many experiences, but space will not permit.

Bern is a pretty place; one can see the beautiful snow capped Alps in two hours' train ride can go to Interlaken, one of the greatest places on earth. Thousands of people visit this place every year.

I have the privilege of seeing many different nationalities, and passing through the streets one can hear German, French, English and Italian spoken. Last summer I had the opportunity of seeing the King of Spain and a company of his people. The City of Bern did them great honor. The streets were decorated, bands were out to meet them, and as they moved through the streets in their peculiar dress they attracted much attention. It is said the King has one hundred wives. He is about 28 years old and is married one of the richest women in the world. I am well and enjoying my labors very much. With kindest regards I remain yours very respectfully, W. F. Oakes.

KLONDIKE LETTER.

(Special Correspondent.)

TINNEY, OCT. 12, 1897.

The French bride was to be "first out," she was afraid. Adolph—the husband—would be attacked by the Indians. She also feared the red skins would steal the Frenchman's 1800 outfit, which included silver and a case of wine from the gay metropolis. So madam sat upon the packages at Dyea, as the outfit was unloaded. Each time a wagon load of track was brought up from the mine—there are no wharves at Dyea—madam would climb higher and higher as the possessions of the bridegroom (this French couple had just been married) and the wedding tour was a trip to Klondike) were piled up in a great heap. Finally madam was enthralled eight feet high on Adolph's outfit. It was a curious picture. A French woman, fresh from Paris, seated on the top of boxes and bags and Indians and miners on all sides, and a stonemason, a molly and a disappointed slacker in the background.

Adolph was called away to parley with the Indians about packing his outfit over the mountains to Lake Linderman twenty-seven miles away. The boss Indian demanded 40 cents per pound, and Adolph refused to pay over 25 cents. Finally, after compromising upon 35 cents, they became pretty cozy, and

handed Adolph a receipt. He did not mind it but madam did. She thought hubby might be scalped. She shouted to Adolph to come in her, but also, at that very instant the bargain had been made with the Indians—there was fully 100 of them—was concluded, and they, on being notified by the chief that the Frenchman's goods were ready for the packers, made a wild rush for the outfit. It was like street archery scrambling for pennies. Each Indian was anxious to secure a bag or box that weighed the most, and which could, at the same time be handled easily on the backs of the packers. One hundred Indians attacked madam's throne of boxes and bags.

French change! In a jiffy the boxes and bags were all gone and madam was on her back with her hands in the air screaming for Adolph.

Help! Police! Adolph! Murder!

But it was all over in thirty seconds. Madam was dazed for thirty seconds more, but Adolph's presence quieted her. He explained that the Indians scrambled for the richer parcels and gave no thought to madam with her heels in the air. They were not robbers but merely packers. They took their boxes to the weighing stand and not to their weapons. At the weighing stand each received a slip of paper with the weight of the package marked upon it, together with the Frenchman's name. At the lake the bearer of the package would have the slip of paper marked "O. K." and when he brought the check back to the weighing stand he would be paid 35 cents of Adolph's money for every pound he had carried.

There was no need of help for madam; no necessity of screaming murder and no occasion for the police. Madam understood! Adolph asked the question and madam replied in a flash.

"Out, Out, you scoundrel, scoundrel, why not tell me that before? Then I would not scream! Stupid Adolph!"

The next morning the French bride and groom, the Indian packers and our party moved forward, stopping at Sheep Camp that night and arriving at the head of Lake Linderman the next night. Madam carried a handbag and we loaded all the way and did not hasten when the lake was reached. So the Frenchman and his wife, who are in heaven now, while they turned back on account of the reports of starvation and shortage of supplies at the daggings.

This is only one of a dozen amusing incidents on the journey from Tacoma to Lake Linderman, but the narrative brings out the important fact that people who have money to pay for packing cannot over the passes without trouble. Here was a Frenchman who spoke little English accompanied by a total wife, who had never been a hundred miles outside of the great city of Paris in her life, getting over the Chilkoot pass with comparative comfort inside of forty-eight hours. The Frenchman simply paid the Indians for packing his outfit over and he and his wife walked most of the way on foot and enjoyed the journey.

But that is the Pullman car route compared with the struggles of the poor devils who undertake the packing over of the outfit without any knowledge of the packing business.

Take, for instance, a man who did not know any more about packing than Adolph did. They would get their pack on the horses in a lopsided fashion, and when the horse floundered in the mud and let all the clutch ropes had to be cut or the horse had to be abandoned. Then there are men up there who charge the tenderfoot \$5 to show him how to make the "diamond hitch," and, if you do not know what that is you probably will not do it until you "hit the trail." The old timers split their sides some times laughing at the effort of the bank clerks to stick up a pack and construct a diamond knot. All their knots were the "four-in-hand or bow knot variety. Five dollars a day for a month would not make them proficient in putting up what among the prospectors and

packers of the Rocky Mountains is known as the "double diamond hitch." Instead of making the double diamond hitch, or even the single diamond hitch, many of the "timers," simply wound their rope round like thread on a spool.

The fact that the Scandinavians have been successful in the Klondike placer has resulted in a large number of that nationality joining the rush. You meet them at every turn in the trail.

"A tank or stay bay da saw mill," said one while cooking some flap-jacks near the summit, "if a gate back again."

He was asked by a member of our party for two flap-jacks.

"As wish, so help us Christians, you would take da whole damn outfit."

He was mad, fighting mad. He refused pay for the cakes, but a moment later when a packer came along and asked for some, offering to pay \$2.50 or \$1.25 each, the disgusted Scandinavian snarled:

"Ay not bring day stuff here to give it away." He considered selling cakes at \$1.25 each was virtually giving them away, considering the troubles he had undergone in getting his outfit that far.

At Carter Lake, a mile or two beyond, there is no wood, and you have to pay \$2 for pork and beans. Wood costs \$9 per gunny sack, and it is of a quality that provokes much profanity. The "restaurant" keeper at the lake claims he sometimes burns half a sack of wood getting one meal. His explanation this when you complain of his del.icious prices.

At this point an amusing incident happened to C. W. Hamner, the lecturer. He had been presented with a cane at Lake Linderman and carried it with him as far as Lake Carter. While he was waiting a carrier whistled it up and was turning it when Mr. Hamner returned.

"Here, what on earth are you burning my cane for?" Demanded the lecturer.

"Haven't you," said the offender, "but that is more wood than I've seen in a man's age. I was fantasizing for a time. How much do I owe you?"

One more funny incident before closing.

Down at Skagway an enterprising Yankee sought to make his fortune packing supplies over on the backs of billy goats. The first and last and only goat he was experimented with stood calm and obedient while fifty pounds of goods were being crammed to his back. A great crowd collected and finally the rope which held the goat fast was severed.

French change No. 2.

Over an Ashup tent west Mr. Goat at the very first bound. He landed in the brush and the pack-maker, whom the land lordly, hurried to release poor billy. Once up that goat didn't do a thing to Mr. Pack-maker.

He hustled him down and at once set out to clear away the crowd. Others were knocked off their pins and Mr. Goat made for the woods never to return.

People who are going to Klondike in the spring are beginning to gather here already. Many will leave their families on Puget Sound while away and are already engaging quarters. The more serious business of outfitting their place will be taken up next.

THOMAS BAUMANN.

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by John Boyden & Son.

Minerals are useless if trifled away; they are dangerously wasted if consumed by delay in cases where One Minute Cough Cure would bring immediate relief. John Boyden & Son.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY and active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established houses in Utah. Monthly \$50.00 and expenses. Position steady. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y Chicago.

No man or woman can enjoy life or accomplish much in this world while suffering from a torpid liver. DeWitt's Little Early Bitters, the pills that cleanse that organ, quickly. John Boyden & Son.